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dence at Westminster was then proved against him by the short hand writer.

MALIGNITY OCCASIONED BY INFERIORITY.

When Garrick once complained to Sir Joshua Reynolds of daily sarcasms with which he was annoyed from Foote, the comedian, Sir Joshua answered, "that Foote, in so doing, gave the strongest proofs possible of sensibly feeling his own inferiority; as it was always the lesser man who condescended to become malignant and abusive."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SIMPLE REPEAL.

WHEN Johnny first landed in discord's sad gale,
He spread our divisions by his "pale" and no "pale,"
Though all had one *creed* then o'er hill and o'er dale,
He divided to plunder old Granuawale.

Bubberoo, didderoo, Granuawale,
Sure Johnny loves Granua, oh yes! like a whale;
But the times very soon, my good friends I'll go bail,
Will give independence to Granuawale.

Division still bent on our land to entail,
Of our *creeds* he next labours himself to avail,
His Paddy M'Kews often hatch a false tale
To bring down the taws upon Granuawale.
Chorus, &c.

Our *own* titled dupes with a time-serving tail,
Of expectants and jobbers all ready for sale,
Now strive by *his* CLAUSES our rights to curtail,
And barter the faith of old Granuawale.
Chorus, &c.

But oh! should these jobbers again dare to rail,
Or Granua's best rights for base lucre retail,
To aggregate meetings make instant appeal,
And purge the grand council of Granuawale.
Chorus, &c.

The union of creeds 'bove all other things hail,
And discord's vile sons 'bove all others assail,
By UNION alone will you ever prevail,
While discord's the bane of old Granuawale.
Chorus, &c.

Then sons of great Bryan, O'Connor, O'Neil,
Whether rolling in coaches, or thrashing with flail,
Henceforth one and all shout "a simple repeal,
No *veto* or *clauses* for Granuawale."

THE FAMILY OF THE BULLS.

AN old Roman dupe, Quarantotti by name,
Has sent forth his *bull* the wild Irish to tame,
But Erin's no place now to pass off such stuff,
Of the Bulls, Heaven knows, we've had more than enough.

A Roman *bull* first made our countrymen slaves,
John Bull left them nought but bogs, mountains, and caves,
On their clergy he now wants a veto, O ho!
To work them like puppets played off at a show.

Should *Bull*, thro' his veto, of priests make his tools,
He'd burden and goad us like asses and mules,